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ONE day in September, just before school was to start again, Daddy announced to Bud and Cyn and Lad that he was going away for a week — a whole week! At first, they couldn't believe he was in earnest, because he had never gone away for that long before.



"Oh, don't go, Daddy," begged Lad, the youngest. "We'll miss you so much."

"Do you have to go?" asked Cyn, the middle one.

At Daddy's nod, Bud, the oldest, remarked, "Well, I suppose we'll get along somehow."

"Well," Daddy looked from one to the other, "I'll tell you what,—I'll bring home a prize to the one that Becky says has been the best while I'm away."

So that helped a lot, and they started in being good the very morning Daddy left, even before he went. Lad flew away to find him his hat and cane; Cyn sat on his suitcase to get it shut; and Bud asked him in a motherly tone whether he was sure he had plenty of clean handkerchiefs.

My, but the three felt proud of Daddy when he kissed them all goodbye. He looked so nice in his new suit and hat. In fact, everything about him was new, even to his tie and shoes. And he hardly ever got any new clothes. Besides, the cane was new and the nice, shiny suitcase was new, too. They had seen the tag on it. Of course, they were glad that Daddy had everything new at once like this, but it did seem a bit queer.

As soon as he was gone, they hurried off to work upon Becky's good feelings, clamor-

## Just Sisters

By Helen Diehl Olds

Part Three

### THE "BEING-GOOD" PRIZE

ing for her to tell them what they could do to be good and win the Being-Good Prize. They already spoke of it in capitalized tones. Usually Becky didn't like them trying to help her, but now she was dandy about it. Was she glad to have Daddy go away for a week, they wondered. Daddy certainly never bothered her. Becky had always been the real boss in the house.

Bud found some peas under the sink and she and Cyn shelled them. Becky didn't even scold though she hadn't planned to have them that day at all. It was hardest for Lad to find anything to really help. That was the trouble with being the youngest. The other two did all the things and had all the fun. But Becky was in such a radiant mood that she tied a big, checked apron around Lad's neck and set her to peeling apples for apple sauce. This was a real job

and Lad loved it until she cut her finger with the slippery, black paring knife. She almost cried at the big blot of blood that oozed up. Cyn, seeing the accident, dashed to the medicine closet for the iodine and in her hurry spilled most of the bottle upon the bathroom rug.

"No prize for you, after that!" gloated Bud.

"I'll explain to Daddy I was trying to help," reasoned Cyn.

Becky didn't scold, but she shooed them all out into the yard, saying that they could be good better by just getting out of her way.

Things went on for the whole week, like that. It was such a lonesome week. Miss Anne, who lived next door, was away, too, on her vacation, and they hardly knew which they missed more — Miss Anne or Daddy. But thinking about the Being-Good Prize and each one trying to win it helped a lot.

And then, the day came that Daddy was to come home. Becky had said they could all stay up till nine o'clock, because the train wouldn't get here till then. Becky spent the last day cleaning everything all over again, though she had just cleaned the entire house the day before.

"My goodness," said Bud, as they sat in the spick-and-span living room and waited. It hardly seemed like their own home, any more. It was more like being at a play. "I don't know what's got into Becky. She knows well as I do that Daddy never notices whether the place is clean or not."

"I know it," agreed Cyn. "And she even put flowers up in his bedroom. I'm afraid he'll think that's silly. It's the way people do in books, and not really, because flowers drop their petals and make a muss."

"And having us dress all over again after supper, from the skin out." Lad smoothed her short red-and-white checked gingham skirt. Her sisters wore red-and-white checked gingham dresses, too—made all alike



"Why, you'd hardly know we're sisters", exclaimed Bud."



even to the pockets. "I do wish we could really *do* something for the Being-Good Prize," she sighed.

"There's time yet, if we could think of something." Bud glanced at the clock on the fireplace.

Cyn's eyes followed, too, but instead of looking at the clock, she looked at the fireplace and had a sudden thought. "We might build a fire in the fireplace. It's really cool enough."

"It'd be so nice and cheerful to welcome Daddy," said Lad.

"I'll get the logs." Bud jumped up and started for the cellar.

Cyn took the Cape Cod lighter from the fireplace and shook it. "It's empty. I'll fill it."

"I'll light the fire." Lad *had* to do something, and the fireplace fire was the last chance any of them had at the Being-Good Prize. It must be a perfect fire.

Even though they were most careful, Bud got dusty and cobwebby, bringing up the armful of logs from the cellar, and Cyn smelled faintly of kerosene.

Bud knew just how the logs should go—two across the andirons and one on top of them. Hadn't she watched Daddy loads of times? Cyn knew just how to fix the Cape Cod lighter. First, they dipped the potato-like thing into the brass can of kerosene and let it soak. Then, Cyn placed it carefully under the logs. Lad knew just how to light the Cape Cod lighter. She had to scratch the match against the side of the box several times before it would light, because most of the emery was on her hands instead of the box, she'd held it so tightly.

The kerosene caught fire, and a bright blaze flared up. The logs caught, too, in just a few seconds and the wood began to crackle. Oh, it was a lovely fire! The three stood close in admiration.

Suddenly a great curl of black smoke came oozing out onto them and filled the room—also a choking wood-fire odor.

It's the logs—they're too near the front." Bud shoved them back with the fire tongs. But the smoke kept on pouring out, just the same.

"Why, the chimney's on fire!" squeaked Lad, peering up.

"What'll we do?" wailed Bud.

"Call the fire department!" shouted Cyn.

Lad almost wept. "Oh, we don't want the fire department out in front for Daddy to see—"

"Get the fire extinguisher!" Bud's tones were muffled with smoke.

They all ran for the shiny, brass thing that hung on a nail by the cellar stairs. You had to work the handle up and down several times and then the stream shot out. They worked it together and pointed the spray at the fireplace. The room began to smell like the stuff that Becky used when she cleaned the spots off of Daddy's clothes.

"What's going on in here?" Becky hurried in from the back porch, her black nose in the air, sniffing. "What you-all trying to do?"

"Make — a — fireplace — fire!" Lad's voice quivered. After all, she was only seven.

"Trying to put it out, now," sputtered Cyn, squirting the spray.

Becky rushed to the fireplace and poked up the chimney. "It's old dead leaves up there and maybe a bird's nest or sumpin'." She pushed up with the fire tongs. Great bunches of burning leaves fell onto the fire. Becky worked until she got it all out. Then she rearranged the logs, adjusted the draft, put the fire screen in front, and there was the nicest, brightest fire burning in the fireplace.

"Don't you-all know no better than to monkey with fire?" she demanded.

"Course we do," confessed Cyn, remembering all they had been told about fire prevention at school. "We didn't exactly forget. We just thought we could do it without any danger, didn't we, girls?"

The other two nodded. "We were only trying to be good," wavered Lad.

"Well, you-all kin thank your lucky stars you didn't burn the house clean down." Becky was opening doors and windows, now, and swishing the smell and smoke out with her big apron. "Bud, you're a sight, already. Just you tidy up that hearth and then all of you wash up again. I'll get the room to rights. Hurry, now, 'tain't so much time left."

Why, she wasn't half as cross as they expected!

"We're sorry, Becky," they murmured soberly, as they trooped out.

Then how they scurried! In just a little while, the three, clean once more, were waiting in the living room, which had just a faint woodsy smell of smoke, now.

Daddy came in a taxi, and before they had time to rush to the door, he was in the living room and had them in his arms, all three at once.

"Well, Becky," he asked right off, "which was the best?"

They held their breath. What would she say?

"'Deed and I can't decide which was the bestest!" beamed Becky. "They was all just lambs."

Imagine, not a word about almost burning the house down—or even about the iodine or that dreadful evening when Bud had refused to go to bed on time.

They simply had to confess to Daddy about the fire. "But we were only trying to be good for the Prize," they finished up.

Daddy was more surprising than Becky. He didn't scold, or even seem very cross. In fact, he acted as though he really understood how they had happened to do such a thing.

"But *who* was the best?" he asked again.

Was he testing them? Cyn and Lad looked at each other and each decided to make one final, frantic effort to win the Prize. Perhaps Daddy wanted to see who would be good enough to admit that one of the other two deserved the Prize.

"I think Cyn ought to have it, Daddy," Lad suggested. "She was awful good—for her."

"I didn't try to be good much, anyway," shrugged Cyn, though she had. "I think Lad ought to have it. She stopped Bud and me fighting lots of times."

"Well, I think I ought to have it!" Bud was indignant. She wasn't going to take a chance at losing out. "I'm the oldest."

Daddy stroked his chin. "Since no one can decide it, I'll have to give the Prize to all of you." He went to the front door, opened it and called out into the darkness, "Come in, Prize."

And Miss Anne walked in. She was smiling and she looked awfully nice. She had all new clothes on, too, just the way Daddy did. The three flung themselves upon her. "We're so glad you're back!"

"Can't you stay a little while?" invited Bud, politely. "It isn't very late, and we missed you so."

"Stay a little while—?" echoed Miss Anne. "Why, I—you tell them, Rodney."

Rodney was Daddy. They knew it because that was the way his letters were addressed—Mr. Rodney Lee. But Miss Anne had never called him that before.

"Well, you see—" began Daddy. "The fact is, Miss Anne's going to stay here—all the time. She's your new mother."

The three just stood and stared. It wasn't April Fools' Day. Anyways, Daddy didn't sound as though he were fooling, in spite of the twinkle in his eyes. Becky was just one big grin, but she seemed to believe him.

Lad was the first to speak. "Ohee—I'm glad I was so good, so we could have Miss Anne for the Prize!" she squealed.

Bud eyed her father. "Really and truly?"

He nodded solemnly and crossed his heart under his new coat.

Then they all let out whoops and jumped upon Miss Anne. "Oh, Mother Anne, Mother Anne," they chorused.

"Rodney, get the taxi man to bring in the suitcase," said Miss Anne in just the little bossy nice way she spoke to them. Daddy trotted off just the way they always did for her, too. He put the biggest suitcase down on the floor and opened it out. And right out of the top, Miss Anne pulled the surprises. They were dresses! All *different*! Each one! The material and the way they were made were alike, to be sure, but the dresses were different colors!

Bud's was rose, Cyn's was green and Lad's was pale blue. Each one's favorite



color! How had Miss Anne known that?

And short socks to match, and slippers. But even the slippers were not alike. They were all patent leather, but Bud's had no straps, Cyn's had one strap and Lad's had two straps.

Nothing would do but they must take off the red-and-white checked gingham dresses and put on the new ones. There was something about Bud's rose-colored one that made her look taller and more like the oldest than before. Maybe now, she wouldn't have to keep telling the others all the time that she was the oldest. There was something about Lad's blue that made her look younger and more curly-haired than usual. And something tomboyish about Cyn's green that just suited her.

"Why, you'd hardly know we're sisters!" exclaimed Bud.

Miss Anne had bundled up the just-alike red-and-white checked dresses and was plumping them down into Becky's arms. "Here, you can use these to make rag rugs out of."

Daddy looked a bit surprised, and Miss Anne turned to him. "Of course, they're nice dresses, Rodney—but all three of them dressed alike! Why, they looked like orphans!"

"I guess you're right, Anne," Daddy said, and he was more meek than he ever was when Becky bossed him. "I always got 'em everything alike because it was easier to say 'three of these!'"

Becky was still grinning as she hugged the red dresses to her bosom. Becky liked bright colors. "I'll make you a teeny little round rug out of these for you to step out of bed on, Miss Anne."

Just then, there came a whining and a scratching at the front door. Miss Anne hurried to it. "Oh, my goodness, we forgot the other prize!" She opened the door, and in bounded a black-and-tan dog, all legs and brown eyes behind shaggy bangs.

They knew it was Ruffian though they had never seen him before. They all three hugged him and he licked them back.

"He's saying 'Thank you' for the nice letters you wrote him," explained Miss Anne.

"And is he going to stay here all the time?" Lad wanted to know.

"Of course," nodded Daddy, and didn't seem to remember that he'd always said a dog would be too much trouble.

"You're such a beautiful prize," Lad told Ruffian.

"Oh, that reminds me," Daddy stuck his hand in his pocket and brought out a small package done up in tissue paper. His face got red. "I brought you each a present, but maybe you won't like them. They're just alike."

They were silver mesh pocketbooks. Daddy was hugged with arms and legs. Then the three silver pocketbooks jangled from their wrists as they paraded around.

"Now, people won't think we're triplets but will know we're sisters," Cyn announced, and she wiggled her pocket-book to show what she meant.

"Not triplets," murmured Lad, who was half asleep. "Just sisters."

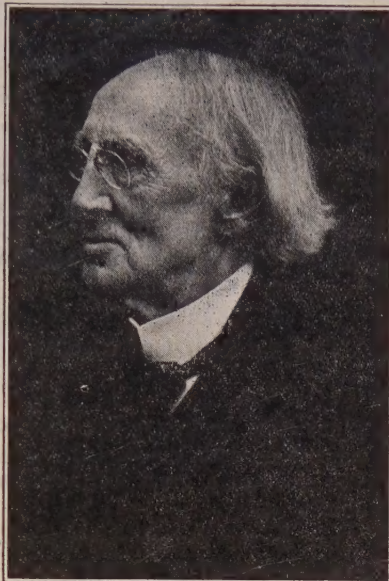


Photo by Oppenheim

### Edward A. Horton, D.D.

As Editor of *Every Other Sunday*, the predecessor of *The Beacon*, Dr. Edward A. Horton sent messages to the boys and girls of America for many years. Dr. Horton passed from this life on April 14. In memory of him and of his devoted service to the cause of liberal religion and of good citizenship, we are reprinting for our readers of today a paragraph from his Memorial Day message in 1910:

"It was by battlefields and great sacrifices many that we have come to where we are. Let us hope such a cost is no more needed. 'Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war.' The young people do well to honor the brave, to decorate the graves of the heroic dead, to sing the praise of the past. But that is not enough. Let them take the spirit of the past, so unselfish and noble, and put it into the present, thus making good citizens and adding fresh glory to flag, laws, and country. That is the highest observance of Memorial Day."

### When Indian Warriors went to Quaker Meeting

By FRANCES MARGARET FOX

In the long ago days of the Indian Wars, there was a small Quaker settlement in Western Pennsylvania, where the Friends went to meeting every First Day as in days of peace. Sometimes they heard war whoops in the forest, and every day they heard of settlers who had been killed by Indians and whose cabins were burned.

One First Day, when all were sitting

silently in the meeting, little Quaker boys and girls who were looking out the window, saw a fearsome sight. At least a dozen tall, naked, painted Indians, with feathers on their heads, and with scalps dangling from their belts, came to the meeting house door. In their hands were dripping tomahawks and scalping knives.

Imagine how terrified the children must have been when the Indians walked in one behind another in a frightful line. The poor little children expected to be killed right there in meeting. The Indians would have killed every one there, too, if they had not been Quakers.

But the minute those Indians looked in the meeting house, they saw only men of peace, with their helpless families, with not a gun, nor a sword in sight. All those at the meeting were sitting quietly in the presence of God, waiting for Him to speak to their souls.

The Indians laid down their weapons. Instead of killing anybody, they seated themselves, to join in the silent worship of the Great Spirit. They could sit as still as any Quaker.

When the meeting was over the Indians went away. Before they left they stuck some feathers over the door of the meeting house in a way that would say to all other Indians,

"Pass by these friends. They worship the Great Spirit and will harm no one!"

As we all know, not one Quaker was ever killed by the Indians in the long ago!

### Flowers to the Living

By JAMES EDWARD HUNGERFORD

Don't wait to lay your flowers upon  
The graves of "heroes" dead and gone;  
If you have gifts of love to give—  
Oh, hand them to the ones who live!  
Why wait 'til they are in the ground,  
To place them on their earthly mound?  
Oh, let them breathe the sweet perfume  
While they're still here to see them bloom!

If those who sleep could have their say  
To us — on "Decoration Day,"  
If those whose lips are mute, could speak  
To us, who in our sad hearts seek  
To pay them tribute where they lie,  
As gravely, grimly, we tread by,  
They'd say to take the flowers and give  
Them to the heroes brave who live!

To hand them to the ones who strive  
With heart and soul to keep alive  
The spirit of Good Will on earth,  
And struggle on to prove the worth  
Of Peace, and Love, and Brotherhood—  
Who battle for the Common Good!  
"Give them the flowers," the dead would say;

"Don't wait 'til Decoration Day  
To place them on our mounds, but give  
Them to heroic souls that live!"

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# THE BEACON CLUB

## The Editor's Post Box

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

275 MAIN ST.,  
CALAIS, ME.

Dear Editor: I have been a member of the Beacon Club for some time now and I enjoy it more every day. I am now teaching a class in Sunday school, instead of being in a class. I have from six to eight children in my class, all about four years of age.

A weekly reader and friend,

FRANCES ELLIOTT.

2632 GLENWOOD AVE.,  
TOLEDO, OHIO.

Dear B. C. Editor: Every Sunday I receive and read a copy of *The Beacon*. I go to the First Unitarian Church of Toledo. Our minister is Rev. George L. Parker. I am nine years old and in the fourth grade. Our teacher is Miss Hetrick.

Faithfully yours,

RICHARD HUGHES.

16 HUBBARD AVE.,  
NORTH CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Dear Editor: I am anxious to become a member of the Beacon Club. I am a member of the North Cambridge Community Church. Our pastor is Rev. S. O. Weems, and his daughter, Cordelia, is my Sunday-school teacher. We read *The Beacon* in class and we like it very much.

Yours truly,

ANNA COBLYN.

## What's Doing in the Schools

A school paper has been established by one of the boys' classes in the school of the First Unitarian Congregational Church, of Cincinnati, Ohio. Reporters come from each class. David McNeil, Jr., is editor; John Fayen, associate editor; and Norman Saunders, assistant editor.

The minister of the Unitarian Church of Lynn, Mass., Rev. Raymond H. Palmer, makes a special feature of the story which he tells to the Junior Church. During the week the pupils search for texts which best fit the story; on the following Sunday they bring in their references, essays, and poems, some of which are read to the school. Once twenty-two children handed in written passages from many parts of the Bible, each one of which was fitting. In the early spring, when storms and extremely high tides did much damage on the Lynn beach, the pupils found passages in the

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.  
OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.  
OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

Bible and in other literature which dealt with the sea.

In this school the class period comes first. Then a musical gong is struck and the school, led by the junior choir, marches into the church, in processional, for its service of worship.

## The Beacon Catechism

X

94. What story is always remembered in connection with the book of Jonah? The story of a great fish swallowing Jonah.

95. What is the famous saying of the prophet Micah?

"God hath showed thee, O man, what is good.

And what doth the Lord require of thee,

But to do justly, to love mercy,  
And to walk humbly with thy God."

96. What great city did the prophet Nahum prophesy would be destroyed? Nineveh.

97. Was it destroyed? Yes.

98. What ancient empire did Habakkuk severely condemn? Assyria.

99. For what is the book of Zephaniah noted in its original Hebrew language? Its musical quality.

100. What other two books are usually connected with Zephaniah for study purposes? Nahum and Habakkuk.

101. What great event in the history of the Jewish people is treated in the prophecy of Haggai? The beginning of the rebuilding of the great temple in Jerusalem.

102. What symbolic figures mentioned in the book of Zechariah are famous in our day? Four horsemen.

103. What book of prophecy closes the Old Testament? Malachi.

104. The twelve books of prophecy just mentioned are known as the Minor or lesser prophets, because they are brief. Are long books more important than short books? The length of a book has no connection with its importance.

## Puzzlers

### Easy Enigma

I am composed of 11 letters and am a man mourned by thousands.

My 10, 3, 4 is a shell-covered food.

My 4, 11, 2 is five times two.

My 8, 7, 6, 9 is a stopper of a bottle.

My 6, 7, 8, 1 is a large stone.

My 8, 3, 4, 5 is an adjective.

JOYCE KIMPLE (Age 9),  
Toledo, Ohio.

### Twisted Names of Biblical Places

- |              |             |
|--------------|-------------|
| 1. Isodn     | 5. Hineven  |
| 2. Eyrt      | 6. Nabylbo  |
| 3. Ebhtelemh | 7. Ohejirc  |
| 4. Mjurasale | 8. Adde Sae |
|              | 9. Erbune   |

STELLA ROGERS,  
Winchester, Mass.

### Answers to Puzzlers in No. 32

Word Square.—

S W A T  
H E R O  
A R M Y  
M E S S

Charade.—Eye-lid.

Mr. P. R. Hazard, of Newport, R. I., writes as follows: "Your correspondent may be interested to know that 111 words can be made from the word AUTOMOBILE, and perhaps more. This rules out all proper names but includes O, A and I. If anyone can make more than this, I should like to hear from them."

If anyone has made more than 111 words and will write us about it, we shall be glad to forward the information to Mr. Hazard. We suspect that he is the winner in this contest.—Ed.

## THE BEACON

For School and Home

MARIE W. JOHNSON, Editor

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